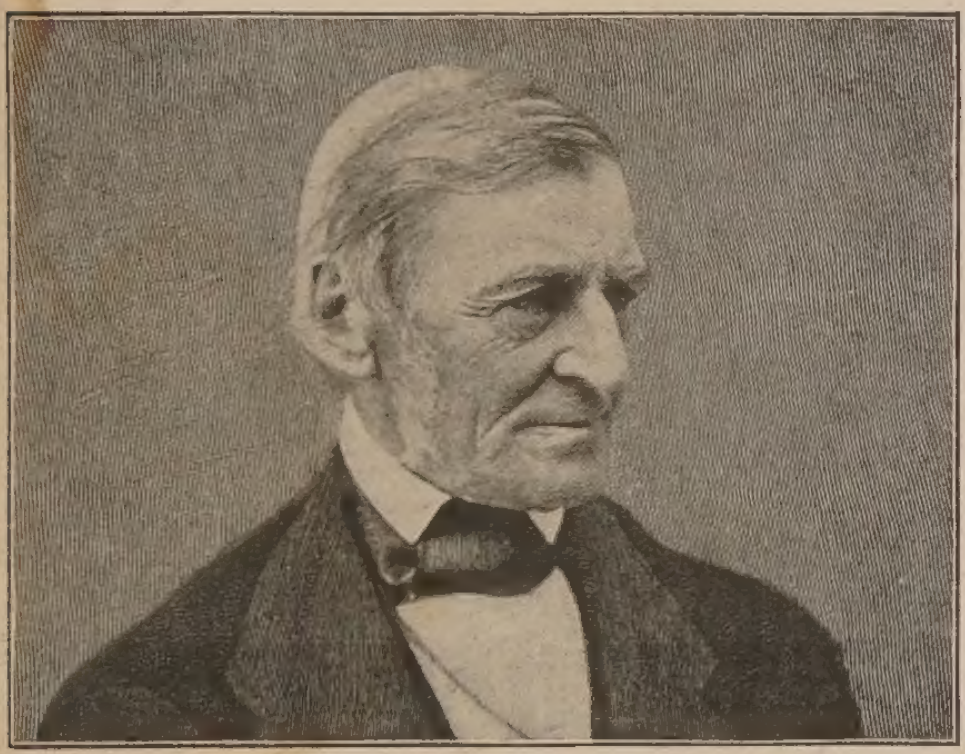
Don't Worry

Epictetus
Emerson
George Eliot
Browning

BITS OF ORE FROM RICH MINES

Don't-Worry Nuggets



EPICTETUS RALPH WALDO EMERSON
GEORGE ELIOT ROBERT BROWNING

Gathered by JEANNE G. PENNINGTON

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The Compiler's thanks are due Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS for their permission to draw from "The Life and Letters of George Eliot," edited by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross; also, to Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., for the right to use what was found necessary in Emerson's Works.

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NOTE.

I am persuaded that many men and women now interested in the varying phases of mind culture and psychic development can find substantial aid in books already in their own libraries; also, that these books, if rightly approached, will give emphasis and potency to frequent assertions made by the various teachers in this city and elsewhere.

The eagerness with which the hungry of soul hasten to these class-rooms the moment the doors are thrown open, impels me to proffer certain paragraphs from four masters whose works are accessible to us all,—Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot, Robert Browning.

To some students a detached thought is often the portal through which they enter the temple of an author's mind, by them hitherto unstudied; it comes as a revelation,

and offers a new region to be explored, another phase of the truth to be investigated.

Somewhere in the long line of those now interested in the "Don't Worry" and kindred movements, may these words, which I have copied out almost at random from long-used and well-beloved books, find a welcome, and invite the mind they arrest to study for itself these great teachers who have given us of their best.

After having looked deeply into human life and the greater life which enfolds it; after having shared our common experiences, I have found self-evident testimony that, wherever their several philosophies may have begun in this chapter of existence, they gradually rounded themselves into this:—

Be strong! Be courageous! Be fearless! Above all, be tender and compassionate, and realize that *within yourself alone* can you find *your* sanctuary of Peace.

Unanimously, though by differing methods they taught,—

"Live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daily rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

While primarily offered to those already drawn to the "movement" denoted by our title, it is hoped that this little compilation may be found attractive to "the general reader." And if it allure any to avail of the generous stores of the authors quoted, the compiler's deepest wish will be gratified.

JEANNE G. PENNINGTON.

New York City.

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EPICTETUS.

"The noblest of the Stoics."—*St. Augustine.*

If thou wouldst have aught of good, have it from thyself.

Hath He not given thee that which is thine own unhindered and unhampered, and hindered and hampered that which is not thine own?

And faithfulness is thine, and reverence is thine: who, then, can rob thee of these things? Who can hinder thee to use them, if not thyself?

But thyself can do it, and how? When thou art zealous about things not thine own, and hast cast away the things that are so.

What is it, then, to be educated? It is to learn to apply the natural conceptions to each thing severally according to nature;

From "The Teachings of Epictetus." T. W. Rolleston's translation.

and further, to discern that, of things that exist, some are in our own power and the rest are not in our own power. And things that are in our own power are the will, and all the works of the will.

Of things that are in our power are our opinions, impulses, pursuits, avoidances, and, in brief, all that is of our own doing.

Remember, then, if you hold things by their nature subject, to be free, and things alien to be your proper concern, you will be hampered, you will lament, you will be troubled, you will blame God and men. But if you hold that only to be your own which is so, and the alien for what it is, alien, then none shall ever compel you, none shall hinder you, you will blame no one, accuse no one, you will not do the least thing unwillingly, none shall harm you, you shall have no foe, for you shall suffer no injury.

It is needful to learn that God is, and taketh thought for all things; and that

nothing can be hid from him, neither deeds, nor even thoughts nor wishes.

Consider more closely, know thyself, question thy genius, attempt nothing without God; who, if he counsel thee, be sure that he wills thee either to be great or to be greatly plagued.

Hercules, when he was exercised by Eurystheus, never deemed himself wretched; but fulfilled courageously all that was laid upon him. But he who shall cry out and bear it hard when he is being trained and exercised by Zeus, is he worthy to bear the sceptre of Diogenes?

For where there are confusions, and griefs, and fears, and unattained pursuits, and avoidance in vain, and envy and rivalry,—can the way to happiness lie there?

And I have this aim,—to perfect you, that ye be unhindered, uncompelled, unembarrassed, free, prosperous, happy, looking unto God alone in all things great and small.

And ye are here to learn these things and to do them.

Is the thing such as cannot be taught? It can. Is it then, not in our power?

Yea, this alone of all things is. Wealth is not in our power, nor health, nor repute, nor any other thing, save only the right use of appearances.

This alone is by nature unhindered; this alone is unembarrassed.

How, then, shall we preserve at once both a steadfast and tranquil mind, and also carefulness of things? Take example of dice-players: the numbers are indifferent, the dice are indifferent. How can I tell what may be thrown up? But carefully and skillfully to make use of what is thrown, that is where my proper business begins.

Outward things are not in my power; to will is in my power. Where shall I seek the Good, and where the Evil? Within me, —in all that is my own.

But be at once careful, because the use of things is not indifferent, and steadfast and tranquil because the things themselves are so.

For where there is aught that concerns me, there none can hinder or compel me; and in those things where I am hindered or compelled the attainment is not in my power, and is neither good nor evil: but my use of the event is either good or evil, and this is in my power.

But let us do as in setting out on a voyage. What is it possible for me to do? This—to choose the captain, the crew, the day, the opportunity. Then a tempest has burst upon us; but what doth it concern me? I have left nothing undone that was mine to do; the problem is now another's, to wit, the captain's.

But now the ship is sinking! and what have I to do? I do only what I am able—drown without terror and screaming and accusing of God, but knowing that that which has come into being must also perish.

For I am no Immortal, but a man, a part

of the sum of things, as an hour is of the day. Like the hour I must arrive, and, like the hour, pass away. What then can it matter to me how I pass away,—whether by drowning or by a fever?

For nothing, that the Will willeth not, can hinder or hurt the Will, but itself only can hurt itself.

If then, indeed, we too incline to this, that when we are afflicted we accuse ourselves, and recollect that nothing else than Opinion can cause us any trouble, nervousness or unsettlement, I swear by all the gods we have advanced!

A child in music is he who hath not learned music, and in letters, one who hath not learned letters, and in life, one undisciplined in philosophy.

It is not things, but opinions about the things, that trouble mankind. When therefore, we are worried or troubled, or grieved, never let us blame any other than ourselves; that is to say, our opinions.

A man undisciplined in philosophy blames others in matters in which he fares ill; one who begins to be disciplined blames himself; one who is disciplined, neither others nor himself.

For neither didst thou choose thine own time to come into existence; but when the Universe had need of thee.

What then is the fruit of these opinions? That which ought to be the fairest and comeliest to those who have been truly taught—tranquillity, courage and freedom.

None, therefore, who fears or grieves, or worries or who is anxious, is free; but whoever is released from griefs and fears and anxieties is by that very thing released from slavery.

Is that shameful to thee which is not thine own doing, whereof thou art not the cause, which cometh to thee without thy will like a headache or a fever? If thy parents were poor, or made others their heirs, or are

alive and give thee nothing, are these things shameful to thee? Is this what thou hast learned from the philosophers?

My friends, wait upon God. When he himself shall give the signal and release you from this service, then are ye released unto him. But, for the present, bear to dwell in this place, wherein he has set you. Short, indeed, is this time of your sojourn, and easy to bear for those who are so minded.

Will you have me bear poverty? Come, and see what poverty is when it strikes one who knoweth how to play the part well.

Whithersoever I go, it shall be well with me; for in this place it was well with me, not because of the place but because of the opinions which I shall carry away with me. For these no man can deprive me of. Yea, these only are mine own, whereof I cannot be deprived, and they suffice for me as long as I have them, wherever I be, or whatever I do.

How then shalt thou be shut out? Because if I am not received I do not wish to enter; but always that which happens is what I wish.

For I hold what God wills above what I will. I cleave to him as his servant and follower; my impulses are one with his; my pursuit is one with his: in a word, my will is one with his.

There is no shutting out for me,—nay, but for those who would force their way in.

And wherefore do I not force my way in? Because I know that no good things are dealt out within to those that enter by force. But when I hear someone congratulated on being honored by Cæsar, I say, What hath fortune brought him? A government? Hath it also then brought him such an opinion as he ought to have? A magistracy? Hath he also gained the power to be a good magistrate? Why shall I still push myself forward?

A man scatters figs and almonds abroad: children seize them and fight among them-

selves; but not so men, for they hold it too trifling a matter. And if a man should scatter about oyster-shells, not even the children would seize them.

Offices of government are dealt out, children will look for them; money is given, children will look for it; military commands, consulships,—let children scramble for them! Let them be shut out and smitten, let them kiss the hand of the giver, of his slaves; it is figs and almonds to me.

What then? If thou miss them when he is flinging them about, let it not vex thee. If a fig fall into thy bosom, take and eat it, for so far even a fig is to be valued. But if I must stoop down for it, and throw down another man, or another throw me down, and I flatter those who enter in, then neither is a fig worth so much, nor is any other of the things that are not good, even those which the philosophers have persuaded me not to think good.

Seek not to have things happen as you

choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do, and so shall you live prosperously.

And what is Divine Law to a man? To hold fast that which is his own, and to claim nothing that is another's; to use what is given him, and not to covet what is not given; to yield up easily and willingly what is taken away, giving thanks for the time that he has had it at his service.

Man! be mad at last, as the saying is, for peace, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up thy head as one delivered from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say: Deal with me henceforth as thou wilt; I am of one mind with thee; I am thine. I reject nothing that seems good to thee; lead me whithersoever thou wilt, clothe me in what dress thou wilt. Wilt thou have me govern, or live privately, or stay at home, or go into exile, or be a poor man, or a rich? For all these conditions I will be thy advocate among men.

From thy heart cast out grief, fear, covetousness, envy, malice, avarice, effeminacy, profligacy.

If toil is laid upon thee, thou wilt find the faculty of perseverance. If thou art reviled, thou wilt find patience. If thou see a beautiful person, thou wilt find a faculty for that, —namely self-mastery.

Remember, at any thing that shall befall thee, to turn to thyself and seek what faculty thou hast for making use of it; and making this thy wont, thou shalt not be carried away by appearances.

For thine it is to act well the allotted part, but to choose it is another's.

Say no more then, How shall it be with me? for however it be thou wilt settle it well, and the issue shall be fortunate.

For whatever of these things may come to pass, it lies with me to have it serve me.

Desire not to be Commander or Prince or Consul, but to be free. And to this there is

but one road,—scorn of the things which are not in our power.

But do thou cherish no scorn, but hold fast to those things that seem to thee the best, as one set by God in that place.

If anyone should set your body at the mercy of every passer-by, you would be indignant. When, therefore, you set your own mind at the mercy of every chance, to be troubled and perturbed when any one may revile you, have you no shame of this?

God hath made all men to be happy and of good estate.

That which thou wouldst not suffer thyself, seek not to lay upon others.

It is the part of a stranger and alien in God's world, who fights against God in the one way he can,—by his own opinions.

Know you not that our business here is a warfare? And one must watch, and one go out as a spy, and one must fight. All

cannot be the same thing, nor would it be better if they were. But you neglect to do the bidding of the Commander, and complain when he hath laid somewhat rougher than common upon you; and you mark not what, so far as in you lies, you are making the army to become; so that if all copy you, none will dig a trench, none will cast up a rampart, none will watch, none will run any risk, but each will appear worthless for warfare.

Again; in a ship, if you go for a sailor, to take up one place and never budge from it, and if you are wanted to go aloft, refuse, or to run upon the prow, refuse,—what Captain will have patience with you? Will he not cast you out as some useless thing, and a bad example for the other sailors?

The life of every man is a sort of warfare, a long one and full of divers chances.

And it behoveth a man to play a soldier's part and do all at the nod of his Commander; yea, and if it be possible, to divine what He intendeth.

How then shall I become of an affectionate disposition ?

In having a generous and happy one. For Reason doth never decree that a man must be abject, or lament, or depend on another, or blame God or man.

If ye will hearken unto me, O men, wheresoever ye be, whatsoever ye do, ye shall not grieve; ye shall not be wroth; ye shall not be compelled or hindered : but ye shall live untroubled and free from every ill.

Now can no evil happen to me; for me there is no robber, no earthquake; all things are full of peace, full of calm; for me no way, no city, no associate, hath any hurt.

He hath placed at every man's side a Guardian, the genius of each man, who is charged to watch over him; a genius that cannot sleep, nor be deceived.

And what shall ye swear ? Never to disobey, never to accuse, never to blame aught that He hath given, never unwillingly to do or suffer any necessary thing.

And what is the essence of God? Mind, Intelligence, right Reason? Even so. Here then, once for all, seek the essence of the Good.

But thou art a supreme object, thou art a piece of God, thou hast in thee something that is a portion of him. Why, then, art thou ignorant of thy high ancestry? Nay, but in thyself thou dost bear him; and seest thou not that thou defilest him with thine impure thoughts and unrighteous deeds?

Nay, for not only did He make thee, but to thee alone did he trust and commit thyself. Wilt thou not remember this too, or wilt thou dishonor thy charge?

If God had committed some orphan child to thee, wouldst thou have neglected it? Now he hath given thee to thyself, and saith: "I had none other more worthy of trust than thee; keep this man such as he was made by nature,—reverent, faithful, high, unterrified, unshaken of passions, untroubled."

Go before no man with trembling, but know well that all events are indifferent and nothing to thee. For whatever it may be, it shall lie with thee to use it nobly: this no man can prevent.

Resolve at last to seek thine own commendation, to appear fair in the eyes of God; desire to become pure with thine own pure self, and with God.

What then? Can a man make this resolve and so stand up faultless? He cannot; but this much he can,—to be ever striving toward faultlessness.

For thou art not flesh and hair but a Will; if thou keep this beautiful, then wilt thou be beautiful.

And when some one shall say to thee, "Thou knowest naught," and it bites thee not, then know that thou hast begun the work.

The position and token of the vulgar: he looks never to himself for benefit or hurt,

but always to outward things. The position and character of the philosopher: he looks only to himself for benefit or hurt.

For thou art not come into this world to choose out its pleasanter places, but to dwell in those where thou wast born, and whereof thou wast appointed to be a citizen.

Abide in thy purposes as in laws which it were impious to transgress.

And whatsoever any man may say of thee, regard it not; for neither is this anything of thine own.

Now, at last, therefore hold thyself worthy to live as a man of full age and one who is pressing forward, and let everything that appeareth the best to thee, be as an inviolable law. And if any toil or pleasure or reputation or the loss of it be laid upon thee, remember that now is the contest, here already are the Olympian games, and there is no deferring them any longer; that in a single day or a single trial, ground is to be lost or gained.

Hold in readiness for every need these :—"Lead me, O Zeus, and thou Destiny, whithersoever ye have appointed me to go, and may I follow fearlessly, But if in an evil mind I be unwilling, still must I follow."

And :—"That man is wise among us, and hath understanding of things divine, who hath nobly agreed with necessity."

But the third also :—"O Crito, if so it seems good to the gods, so let it be. Anytus and Meletus are able to kill me indeed, but to harm me, never."

EMERSON.

"The friend and aider of those who would live in the Spirit." *Matthew Arnold.*

First Series of Essays.

From "History."

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events.

The progress of the intellect is to the clearer vision of causes, which neglects surface differences.

To the poet, to the philospher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all

events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance.

There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the centre there is simplicity of cause.

But if a man is true to his better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race; remains fast by the soul and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him.

FROM "SELF-RELIANCE."

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

Trust thyself. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events.

No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature.

I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better

han you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude,

Life only avails, not the having lived.

The soul *becomes.*

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.

The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act.

I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints.

With the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear.

I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties.

But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul.

But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action.

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired.

Insist on yourself: never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him.

Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope or dare too much.

Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

"Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it."

It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

"From Compensation."

For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something.

He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence.

Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

He is great who confers the most benefits.

As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him.

Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults.

Our strength grows out of our weakness.

In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole.

Life is a progress, and not a station.

I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard,—"Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

FROM "SPIRITUAL LAWS."

All loss, all pain, is particular; the universe remains to the heart unhurt.

For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

We form no guess, at the time of receiving a thought, of its comparative value.

We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

Life might be much easier and simpler than we make it; the world might be a happier place than it is; there is no need of struggles, convulsions, despairs, of the wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth. We miscreate our own evils.

We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth.

A little consideration of what takes place around us every day would show us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events; that our painful labors are unnecessary and fruitless; that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong.

and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine.

The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.

Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which animates all whom it floats, and you are without effort impelled to truth, to right and a perfect contentment.

To make habitually a new estimate,—that is elevation.

What your heart thinks great, is great. The soul's emphasis is always right. Take the place and attitude which belong to you, and all men acquiesce.

Only that soul can be my friend which I encounter on the line of my own march.

Be, and not seem.

Real action is in silent moments. The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts

of our choice of a calling, our marriage, our acquisition of an office, and the like, but in a silent thought by the wayside as we walk; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life and says,—"Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus."

Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude.

To think is to act.

Let a man believe in God, and not in names and places and persons.

FROM "LOVE."

Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want.

We need not fear that we can lose anything by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end.

FROM "FRIENDSHIP."

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection.

Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf?

The law of nature is alternation forevermore.

A new person is to me a great event, and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified.

The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals.

From "Prudence."

Some wisdom comes out of every natural and innocent action.

Let a man keep the law,—any law,—and his way will be strown with satisfactions.

The best good of wealth is freedom.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.

From "Heroism."

Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It speaks the truth and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

From "The Over-Soul."

That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily but involuntarily.

The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee.

From "Circles."

The life of man is a self-evolving circle,

which, from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides outwards to new and larger circles, and that without end.

The extent to which this generation of circles, wheel without wheel, will go, depends on the force or truth of the individual soul.

Fear not the new generalization.

In the thought of to-morrow there is a power to upheave all thy creed, all the creeds, all the literatures of the nations, and marshal thee to a heaven which no epic dream has yet depicted.

Men cease to interest us when we find their limitations. The only sin is limitation. As soon as you once come up with a man's limitations, it is all over with him. Has he talents? Has he enterprise? Has he knowledge? It boots not. Infinitely alluring and attractive was he to you yesterday, a great hope, a sea to swim in; now, you have found his shores, found it a pond, and you care not if you never see it again.

Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be out-generalled, but put him where you will, he stands.

This can only be by his preferring truth to his past apprehension of truth.

Cause and effect are the two sides of one fact.

There is no virtue which is final; all are initial.

No facts are to me sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker with no Past at my back.

Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young.

In nature every moment is new; the past is always swallowed and forgotten; the coming only is sacred. Nothing is secure, but life, transition, the energizing spirit.

The masterpieces of God, the total growths and universal moments of the soul, he hideth; they are incalculable.

The difference between talents and character is adroitness to keep the old and trodden round, and power and courage to make a new road to new and better goals.

True conquest is the causing the calamity to fade and disappear as an early cloud of insignificant result in a history so large and advancing.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful: it is by abandonment.

From "Intellect."

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every expansion.

Our spontaneous action is always the best.

If we consider what persons have stimulated and profited us, we shall perceive the superiority of the spontaneous or intuitive principle over the arithmetical or logical. The first contains the second, but virtual and latent.

All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end, it shall ripen into truth and you shall know why you believe.

Each mind has its own method.

A true man never acquires after college rules.

Instinctive action never ceases in a healthy mind, but becomes richer and more frequent in its informations through all states of culture.

Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems at the time to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new. Frankly let him accept it all. Take thankfully and heartily all they can give. Exhaust them, wrestle with them, let them not go until their blessing be won, and after a short

season the dismay will be overpast, the excess of influence withdrawn, and they will be no longer an alarming meteor, but one more bright star shining serenely in your heaven and blending its light with all your day.

Entire self-reliance belongs to the intellect.

Whilst the man gives himself up unreservedly to that which draws him, because that is his own, he is to refuse himself to that which draws him not, whatsoever fame and authority may attend it, because it is not his own.

From "Art."

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

All great actions have been simple.

Because the soul is progressive, it never quite repeats itself, but in every act attempts the production of a new and fairer whole.

Essays: Second Series.

From "The Poet."

All men live by truth and stand in need of expression.

For it is dislocation and detachment from the life of God that make things ugly.

From "Experience."

Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus.

Nature, Addresses, & Lectures.

From "Beauty."

We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

All good is eternally reproductive.

From "Idealism."

The best moments of life are these delicious awakenings of the higher powers, and the reverential withdrawing of nature before its God.

From "Spirit."

It animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul.

As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power.

From "Prospects."

Build therefore your own world.

As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions.

A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit.

FROM "THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR."

The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul.

Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom.

Inaction is cowardice.

Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day.

A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think.

Fear always springs from ignorance.

The world is his who can see through its pretension.

Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind.

The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims.

First, one, then another, we drain all cis-

terns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever.

The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all.

We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds.

From "Address."

But speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.

The spirit only can teach.

The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can

teach; and every man can open his door to these angels.

The true preacher can be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life,—life passed through the fire of thought.

Look to it first and only, that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money are nothing to you,—are not bandages over your eyes, that you can not see,—but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind.

By trusting your own heart, you shall gain more confidence in other men.

We mark with light in the memory the few interviews we have had, in the dreary years of routine and of sin, with souls that made our souls wiser; that spoke what we thought; that told us what we knew; that gave us leave to be what we inly were. Discharge to men the priestly office, and, present or absent, you shall be followed with their love as by an angel.

There are persons who are not actors; not speakers, but influences.

FROM "THE METHOD OF NATURE."

The imaginative faculty of the soul must be fed with objects immense and eternal.

The one condition coupled with the gift of truth is its use. That man shall be learned who reduceth his learning to practice.

FROM "THE TRANSCENDENTALIST."

Every materialist will be an idealist; but an idealist can never go backward to be a materialist.

FROM "LITERARY ETHICS."

Now that we are here we will put our own interpretation on things, and our own things for interpretation. Please himself with complaisance who will,—for me, things must take my scale, not I theirs. I will say with the warlike king, "God gave me this crown, and the whole world shall not take it away."

Not insulation of place, but independence of spirit is essential.

Be content with a little light, so it is your own. Explore, and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry.

I feel perhaps the pain of an alien world; a world not yet subdued by thought; or I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. *That* is morning, to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as nature.

Let us study the uses of solitude and of society. Let us use both, not serve either.

FROM "EACH AND ALL."

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one:
Nothing is fair or good alone.

FROM "THE PROBLEM."

The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

FROM "THE WORLD-SOUL."

For destiny never swerves,
  Nor yields to men the helm;
He shoots his thought, by hidden nerves,
  Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Dæmon sits,
  With roses and a shroud:
He has his way, and deals his gifts,—
  But ours is not allowed.

. . . .

He forbids to despair:
  His cheeks mantle with mirth;
And the unimagined good of men
  Is yeaning at the birth.

Spring still makes spring in the mind
  When sixty years are told;

Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.

FROM "TO J. W."

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand:
'T will soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

FROM "DESTINY."

What boots it? What the soldier's mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail?
What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another's gift?

FROM "GOOD-BYE."

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the pride and lore of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

From "Woodnotes."

The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise: no coward watch he keeps
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps:
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth.—his hall the azure dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

For nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.

When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.

Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind;
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
Gives all to them who all renounce.

"FABLE."

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter 'Little Prig';
Bun replied,
'You are doubtless very big:
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,

To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'

"FORBEARANCE."

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

"Sursum Corda."

Seek not the spirit, if it hide
Inexorable to thy zeal:
Trembler, do not whine and chide:
Art thou not also real?
Stoop not then to poor excuse;
Turn on the accuser roundly; say,
'Here am I, here will I abide
Forever to myself soothfast;
Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure
stay!'
Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
For only it can absolutely deal.

From "The Celestial Love."

For this is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

From "Saadi."

Seek nothing,—Fortune seeketh thee.
Nor mount, nor dive; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep.

From "Blight."

Give me truths;
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition.

From "Musketaquid."

Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell.
Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious road,
Or, it may be, a picture: to these men,
The landscape is an armory of powers. . . .
What these strong masters wrote at large in miles,
I followed in small copy in my acre;
For there's no rood has not a star above it;
The cordial quality of pear or plum
Ascends as gladly in a single tree
As in broad orchards resonant with bees;
And every atom poises for itself,
And for the whole.

All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild-rose or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.

FROM "THRENODY."

The pure shall see by their own will,
Which overflowing Love shall fill,
'Tis not within the force of fate
The fate-conjoined to separate.

FROM "MAY-DAY."

None can tell how sweet,
How virtuous the morning air;
Every accent vibrates well; . . . .
An energy that searches thorough
From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight,
The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
In city or in solitude,
Step by step, lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;

Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure.

FROM "THE ADIRONDACKS."

And presently the sky is changed; O world!
What pictures and what harmonies are thine!
The clouds are rich and dark, the air serene,
So like the soul of me, what if 't were me?

FROM "FREEDOM."

Freedom's secret wilt thou know?—
Counsel not with flesh and blood;
Loiter not for cloak or food;
Right thou feelest, rush to do.

FROM "VOLUNTARIES."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

"Letters."

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

From "Sea-Shore."

Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,

Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.

From "Two Rivers."

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks are pent:
The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and dream.

From "Terminus."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,

I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed:
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

FROM "COMPENSATION."

Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

FROM "QUATRAINS."

"*Suum cuique.*"

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill.

BORROWING.

From the French.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

From "Life."

Of all the wit's uses the main one
Is to live well with who has none.

Oh what is Heaven but the fellowship
Of minds that each can stand against the world
By his own meek and incorruptible will?

From "Boston Hymn."

And ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

From "The Poet."

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,

Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

Shun passion, fold the hands of thrift,
  Sit still and Truth is near:
Suddenly it will uplift
  Your eyelids to the sphere:
Wait a little, you shall see
The portraiture of things to be.

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath his work to do and we have ours.

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
  Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
  No trace of age, no fear to die.

GEORGE ELIOT.

"A calm clear spirit." EMERSON.

FROM "LIFE AND LETTERS."

We are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity,

I have had some treats in my little excursion, not the least of which was the gazing on some—albeit the smallest—of the "everlasting hills," and on those noblest children of the earth, fine, healthy trees, as independent in their beauty as virtue; set them where you will, they adorn, and need not adornment.

I have adopted as my motto, "Seek a sure end."

Delicious Autumn! My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would

fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.

At certain periods, certain modes of thought lie, as it were, in the atmosphere.

My only desire is to know the truth, my only fear, to cling to error.

The last proof of a real love of the truth —that freshest stamp of divinity—is a calm confidence in its intrinsic power to secure its own high destiny, that of universal empire.

I fully participate in the belief that the only heaven, here or hereafter, is to be found in conformity with the will of the Supreme.

Friendship must live by faith and not by sight.

I am more and more impressed with the duty of *finding* happiness.

I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency.

One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy!

I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest.

We always find that our stock of appreciated good can never be really diminished. When the chief desire of the eyes is taken, we can afford a gaze to hitherto unnoticed possessions; and even when the topmost boughs are lopped, a thousand shoots spring up from below with the energy of new life. So it will be with you; but you cannot yet look beyond the present, nor is it desirable that you should. It would not be well for us to overleap one grade of joy or suffering; our life would lose its completeness and beauty.

Music arches over this existence with another and a diviner.

Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation, and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead.

Creation is the super-added life of the intellect; sympathy, all-embracing love, the super-added moral life.

No mind that has any *real* life is a mere echo of another.

Only persevere; be true, firm and loving; not too anxious about immediate usefulness to others,—that can only be a result of justice to yourself.

So the world gets on, step by step, toward brave clearness and honesty.

Study mental hygiene. Take long doses of *dolce far niente* and be in no hurry about anything in the universal world.

Do we not commit ourselves to sleep and so resign all care for our selves every night; lay ourselves gently on the bosom of nature or God?

I have found already some of the "sweet uses" that belong only to what is called

trouble, which is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life.

I have a fit of sensitiveness upon me which is but egotism and mental idleness.

Where *thought* and *love* are active,—thought the formative power, love the vitalizing,—there can be no sadness.

The highest inspiration of the purest, noblest, human soul, is the nearest expression of the truth.

We may satirize character and qualities in the abstract without injury to our moral nature ; but persons, hardly ever.

I believe I am so constituted that I shall never be cured of my faults except by God's discipline.

If art does not enlarge men's sympathies, it does nothing morally.

I wish less of our piety were spent on imaginary perfect goodness, and more given to real *im*perfect goodness.

It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.

I have always this sort of feeling when I look at the sunset; that there in the West lies a land of light and warmth and love.

And one should give a gleam of happiness whenever it is possible.

One likes to feel old ties strengthened by fresh sympathies.

Every hand is wanted in this world, that can do a little genuine, sincere work.

How music, that stirs all one's devout emotions, blends everything into harmony,—makes one feel part of one whole which one loves all alike, losing the sense of a separate self!

The most solid comfort one can fall back upon, is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small nib-

bling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.

We have had an unspeakably delightful journey,—one of those journeys which seem to divide one's life in two, by the new ideas they suggest and the new views of interest they open.

It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow.

I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now.

Surely terror is provided for sufficiently in this life of ours,—if only the dread could be directed towards the really dreadful.

That doctrine which we accept rather loftily as a commonplace when we are quite young—namely, that our happiness lies entirely within, in our own mental and bodily

state, which determines for us the influence of everything outward—becomes a daily lesson to be learned, and learned with much stumbling, as we get older. And until we know the private thoughts and emotions of our friends, we hardly know what to grieve or rejoice over for them.

No good can come to women, more than to any class of male mortals, while each aims at doing the highest kind of work, which ought rather to be held in sanctity as what only the few can do well.

But I have faith in the working-out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls —their intellect as well as their emotions— do not embrace with entire reverence. The "highest calling and election" is to *do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.

I am one of those perhaps exceptional

people whose early, childish dreams were much less happy than the real outcome of life.

He is one of the few human beings I have known who will often, in the heat of an argument, see and straightway confess that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity.

The sunshine is to me the greatest visible good of life, what I call the wealth of life, after love and trust.

Will you not agree with me that there is one comprehensive Church whose fellowship consists in the desire to purify and ennoble human life; and where the best members of all narrower churches may call themselves brother and sister in spite of difference?

Please remember that I do not consider myself a teacher, but a companion in the struggle of thought.

Difficulties of thought—acceptance of what is, without full comprehension—belong to every system of thinking.

Let us look at the good of life a little apart from our own particular sorrow.

Pity and fairness—two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life—seem to me, not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex.

I have often been helped in looking back, to compare former with actual states of despondency, from bad health or other apparent causes. In this way a past despondency has turned to a present hopefulness.

My function is that of the *æsthetic* not the doctrinal teacher,—the rousing of the nobler emotions, which make mankind desire the social right; not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge. It is one thing to feel keenly for one's fellow-beings; another to say, "This step, and

this alone, will be best to take for the removal of particular calamities."

But at least one prefers doing a hard duty to grimacing with a pretence of pleasure in things that are no pleasure.

But we must live as much as we can for human joy, dwelling on sorrow and pain only so far as the consciousness may help us in striving to remedy them.

FROM "STRADIVARIUS."

My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God.

If thou wilt call thy pictures, eggs,
I call the hatching, work. 'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands; He could not make
Antonio Stradivarius violins
Without Antonio.

FROM "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

FROM "AMOS BARTON."

Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.

The burial was over, ... She was gone from him; and he could never show her his

love any more, never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

Oh, the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!

FROM "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY."

I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden-scenes and fair perspectives overturned and thrust out of sight.

There dwelt in this old English baronet some of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury, and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence.

Caterina felt quite grateful to the old dog for his friendliness. Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

All earthly things have their lull: even on nights when the most unappeasable wind is raging, there will be a moment of stillness before it crashes among the boughs again, and storms against the windows, and howls like a thousand demons through the key-holes.

At the sight of Anthony lying dead, her nature had rebounded from its new bias of resentment and hatred to the old sweet habit of love. The earliest and the longest has still the mastery over us; and the only past that linked itself with those glazed unconscious eyes, was the past when they beamed on her with tenderness. She forgot the interval of wrong and jealousy and

hatred—all his cruelty, and all her thoughts of revenge—as the exile forgets the stormy passage that lay between home and happiness and the dreary land in which he finds himself desolate.

In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; and he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee.

Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions as our fellowmen see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature.

FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

Mrs. Tulliver had lived thirteen years with her husband, yet she retained in all the freshness of her early married life a facility

of saying things which drove him in the opposite direction to the one she desired.

Some minds are wonderful for keeping their bloom in this way, as a patriarchal goldfish apparently retains to the last its youthful illusion that it can swim in a straight line beyond the encircling glass. Mrs. Tulliver was an amiable fish of this kind, and after running her head against the same resisting medium for thirteen years, would go at it again to-day with undulled alacrity.

He was a boy who adhered tenaciously to impressions once received; as with all minds in which mere perception predominates over thought and emotion, the external remained to him rigidly what it was in the first instance.

Maggie's heart went out toward this woman whom she had never liked, and she kissed her silently. It was the first sign within the poor child of that new sense which is the gift of sorrow—that susceptibility to the bare offices of humanity which raises them into a bond of loving fellowship, as to

haggard men among the icebergs the mere presence of an ordinary comrade stirs the deep fountain of affection.

"I've been a great deal happier," she said at last, timidly, "since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us—and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do."

I don't think any of the strongest effects our natures are susceptible of can ever be explained. We can neither detect the process by which they are arrived at, nor the mode in which they act on us. The greatest of painters only once painted a mysteriously divine child; he couldn't have told how he did it, and we can't tell why we feel it to be divine. I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understandings can make no complete inventory of. Certain strains of music affect me so strangely—I

can never hear them without changing my whole attitude of mind for a time, and if the effect would last, I might be capable of heroisms.

"Now you are returning to your old thought in a new form, Maggie; the thought I used to combat," said Philip with a slight tinge of bitterness. "You want to find out a mode of renunciation that will be an escape from pain. I tell you again there is no such escape possible except by perverting or mutilating one's nature. What would become of me, if I tried to escape from pain? Scorn and cynicism would be my only opium, unless I could fall into some kind of conceited madness and fancy myself a favorite of Heaven because I am not a favorite with men."

The middle-aged, who have lived through their strongest emotions, but are yet in the time when memory is still half passionate and not merely contemplative, should surely be a sort of natural priesthood, whom life has disciplined and consecrated to be the

refuge and rescue of early stumblers and victims of self-despair. Most of us, at some moment in our lives, would have welcomed a priest of that natural order in any sort of canonicals or uncanonicals.

Maggie obeyed: there was an unspeakable charm in being told what to do, and having everything decided for her. She . . .was hardly conscious of having said or done anything decisive. All yielding is attended with a less vivid consciousness than resistance: it is partial sleep of thought; it is the submergence of our own personality by another.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

FROM "ROMOLA."

Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.

Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.

Romola did not mean to go to bed that night. When she had fastened the door she took her taper to the carved and painted chest which contained her wedding-clothes. . . . At certain moments—and this was one of them—Romola was carried, by a sudden wave of memory, back again to the time of perfect trust, and felt again the presence of the husband whose love made the world as fresh and wonderful to her as to a little child that sits in stillness among the sunny flowers; heard the gentle tones and saw the soft eyes without any lie in them, and breathed over again that large freedom of the soul which comes from the faith that the being who is nearest to us is greater than ourselves. And in those brief moments the tears always rose: the woman's lovingness felt something akin to what the bereaved mother feels when the tiny fingers seem to

lie warm on her bosom, and yet are marble to her lips as she bends over the silent bed.

"You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man cannot chose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth: and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them."

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel love and reverence. Romola's trust in Savonarola was something like a rope suspended securely by her path, making her step elastic while she grasped it.

"It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only

have the highest happiness such as goes along with being a good man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see its good."

"If you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, 'It would have been better for me if I had never been born.'"

FROM "MIDDLEMARCH."

We mortals, men and women, devour

many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to enquiries say, "Oh nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.

A woman dictates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterward, and certainly the mistakes that we male and female mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it.

Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.

But any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another, which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look at our unintroduced neighbor. Destiny stands by sarcastic with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand.

We cannot help the way in which people speak of us, and probably if Mrs. Lemon had undertaken to describe Juliet or Imogen, these heroines would not have seemed poetical.

"I don't make myself disagreeable; it is you who find me so. Disagreeable is a word that describes your feelings and not my actions."

The Vicar of St. Botolph's had certainly escaped the slightest tincture of the Pharisee, and by dint of admitting to himself that he was too much as other men were, he had become remarkably unlike them in this—that he could excuse others for thinking slightly of him, and could judge impartially of their conduct even when it told against him.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

She had that rare sense which discerns what is inalterable, and submits to it without murmuring.

Mary was fond of her own thoughts, and could amuse herself well sitting in twilight with her hands in her lap; for, having early had strong reasons to believe that things were not likely to be arranged for her peculiar satisfaction she wasted no time in astonishment and annoyance at that fact.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and can not do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

He distrusted her affection; and what loneliness is more lonely than distrust?

Perhaps wisdom is not his strong point, but rather affection and sincerity. However, wisdom lies more in those two qualities than people are apt to imagine.

Life would be no better than candle-light tinsel and daylight rubbish if our spirits were not touched by what has been, to issues of longing and constancy.

The thing one most longs for may be surrounded with conditions that would be intolerable.

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us: and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

ROBERT BROWNING.

"A man whose verse swells resolve, breeds hardihood, is stuff for strength."

L. H. VINCENT.

FROM "THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER."

So, one day more am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?

The rose will bloom when the storm is passed.

The world and its ways have a certain worth.

And God's own profound
Was above me, and round me the mountains, and under, the sea,
And within me my heart to bear witness what was and shall be.

FROM "FRA LIPPO LIPPI."

This world's no blot for us
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

From "Andrea Del Sarto."

Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange, now, looks the life he makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter; let it lie!

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?

From "Abt Vogler."

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws: that made them, and, lo, they are!
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before,
The evil is null, is naught.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist:
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose will has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know.

From "Cleon."

Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?

I have not chanted verse like Homer, no——
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend;
I am not great as they are, point by point.
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running these into one soul,
Who, separate, ignored each others' arts.

Say, is it nothing that I know them all?

Most progress is most failure.

For, what we call this life of men on earth,
This sequence of the soul's achievements here,
Being, as I find much reason to conceive,
Intended to be viewed eventually
As a great whole, not analyzed to parts,
But each part having reference to all.

Man might live at first
The animal life; but is there nothing more?
In due time, let him critically learn,
How he lives; and, the more he gets to know
Of his own life's adaptabilities,
The more joy-giving will his life become.
Thus man, who hath this quality, is best.

I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this in its desire for joy.

FROM "SAUL."

Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world.

What stops my despair?
This:—'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!

FROM "RABBI BEN EZRA."

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
the man's account,

FROM "BIFURCATION."

But deep within my heart of hearts there
hid
Ever the confidence, amends for all,
That heaven repairs what wrongs earth's
journey did.
All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be
Time's wheel runs back or stops; potter
and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain
arrest;
Machinery just meant

To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee, and turn thee forth, sufficiently
impressed.

FROM "JAMES LEE'S WIFE."

For kind,
Calm years, exacting their accompt
Of pain, mature the mind.

This is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and
knows.
If you loved only what were worth your
love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for
you.
Make the low nature better by your
throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

Nothing can be as it has been before;
Better, so call it, only not the same.
To draw one beauty into our heart's core,
And keep it changeless! such our claim;
So answered,—Nevermore!

Simple? Why this is the old woe o' the world;
Tune, to whose rise and fall we live and die.
Rise with it then! Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!

That's a new question; still replies the fact,
Nothing endures; the wind moans, saying so;
We moan in acquiescence: there's life's fact,
Perhaps probation—do *I* know?
God does: endure his act!

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true!

FROM "IN A BALCONY."

Let us do so—aspire to live as these
In harmony with truth, ourselves being true!

How soon a smile of God can change the world!
How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.
Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.

All is best, believe,
And we best, as no other than we are.

FROM "BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY."

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing!

My business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what God made.

To mould life as we choose it, shows our choice;
That's our one act, the previous work's his own.

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.

FROM "SHOP."

Because a man has a shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can give?

FROM "PARACELSUS."

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.

I shall arrive ! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not ; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive :
He guides me and the bird. In his good time !

God, who created all things, can renew !

Respect all such as sing when all alone !

Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness ; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error ; and, to KNOW,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly

The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
And source within us; where broods radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!

God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.
So doth thy right hand guide us through the world
Wherein we stumble.

I know thee, who has kept my path, and made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy;
It were too strange that I should doubt thy love.

For these things tend still upward, progress is

The law of life, man is not Man as yet.

Narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good.

In my own heart love had not been made wise, . . .
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success.

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

FROM "STRAFFORD."

Well, when the eve has its last streak
The night has its first star.

FROM "SORDELLO."

True, this snatch or the other seemed to wind

Into a treasure, helped himself to find
A beauty in himself: for, see, he soared
By means of that mere snatch, to many a hoard
Of fancies.

To do his best,
With means so limited, and let the rest
Go by.

Would you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart!

Venice seems a type
Of Life—'twixt blue and blue extends a stripe,
As Life, the somewhat, hangs 'twixt naught and naught:
'Tis Venice, and 'tis Life—as good you sought
To spare me the Piazza's slippery stone
Or keep me to the unchoked canals alone,
As hinder Life the evil with the good
Which make up Living, rightly understood.

FROM "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

Whom but a dusk misfeatured messenger,

No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lest men see too much at once.

Blame I can bear, though not blameworthiness.

Healthy minds let by-gones be.

And so, all yet uncertain save the will
To do right, and the daring aught, save leave
Right undone.

God plants us where we grow.

Help us to turn disaster to account.

All human plans, and projects come to naught,
My life, and what I know of other lives,
Prove that: no plan nor project! God shall care!

Moreover, death is far from a bad fate.

Reflect that God, who makes the storm desist,

Can make a violent angry heart subside.

And, all day, I sent prayer like incense up
To God the strong, God the beneficent,
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,
Who, for our own good, makes the need extreme,
Till at the last He puts forth might and saves.

The end crowns all.

Nay, got foretaste too
Of better life beginning where this ends.
No work begun shall ever pause for death!

Could we by a wish
Have what we will and get the future now,
Would we wish aught done undone in the past?
So, let us wait God's instant men call years;
Meanwhile hold hard by truth, and all great souls,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone,
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

What prevents sin, itself is sinless, sure;
And sin, which hinders sin of deeper dye,
Softens itself away by contrast so.

I show them—shall I too lack courage?—
leave
I, too, the post of me, like those I blame?
Refuse, with kindred inconsistency,
Grapple with danger whereby souls grow
strong?
I am near the end; but still not at the end.
All till the very end is trial in life:
At this stage is the trial of my soul
Danger to face, or danger to refuse?

Mind is not matter nor from matter, but
Above,—leave matter then, proceed with
mind.

This life is training and a passage.

The moral sense grows but by exercise,

How can man love but what he yearns to
help?
And that which men think weakness within
strength

Angels know for strength.

I conceived of life that way,
And still declare—life, without absolute use
Of the actual sweet therein, is death, not life.

From "Johannes Agricola in Meditation."

There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns and moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me; splendor-proof
I keep the brood of stars aloof:
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory, passed,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain,
God smiles as he has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled

The heavens, God thought on me his child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances every one
To the minutest; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere he fashioned star or sun.
And having thus created me,
Thus rooted me, he bade me grow,
Guiltless forever, like a tree
That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know
The law by which it prospers so:
But sure that thought and word and deed
All go to swell his love for me,
Me, made because that love had need
Of something irreversibly
Pledged solely its content to be.

. . . . . .

God, whom I praise; how could I praise,
If such as I might understand,
Make out and reckon on his ways,
And bargain for his love, and stand,
Paying a price, at his right hand?

From "Pippa Passes."

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away:
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure, . . .
—My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills

Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we ; there is no last, no first.

Say not "a small event" ! Why "small"?
Costs it more pain than this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that ? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed !

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn :
Morning's at seven :
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing :
The snail's on the thorn :
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world !

FROM "PAULINE."

The black-thorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming
buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow,

As life wanes, all its care and strife and toil
Seem strangely valueless.

My God, my God, let me for once look on thee
As though naught else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee.
I do not plead my rapture in thy works
For love of thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die: but there is that in me
Which turns to thee, which loves or which should love.

FROM "A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON."

Wait for me. Pace the gallery and think
On the world's seemings and realities.

FROM "LURIA."

How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!
One object, she seemed erewhile born to reach
With her whole energies and die content,—
So like a wall at the world's edge it stood,

With naught beyond to live for,—is that
reached?—
Already are new undreamed energies
Outgrowing under, and extending farther
To a new object: There's another world.

God's finger markes distinctions, all so fine,
We would confound: the lesser has its use,
Which, when it apes the greater, is foregone.

FROM "ONE WORD MORE."

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world
with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!

"DEAF AND DUMB."

A group by Woolner.

Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white:
So may a glory from defect arise:
Only by Deafness may the vexed Love
wreak

Its insuppressive sense on brow and cheek,
Only by Dumbness adequately speak
As favored mouth could never, through the eyes.

From "Apparent Failure."

The Paris Morgue.

It's wiser being good than bad:
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched:
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched:
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

From "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau."

I recognize
Power passing mine, immeasurable, God—
Above me, whom he made, as heaven beyond
Earth—to use figures which assist our sense.

I know that he is there as I am here,
By the same proof, which seems to prove at all,
It so exceeds familiar forms of proof.
Why "there," not "here"? Because, when I say "there"
I treat the feeling with distincter shape
That space exists between us.

Just so
I have his bidding to perform: but mind
And body, all of me, though made and meant
For that sole service, must consult, concert
With my own self and nobody beside,
How to effect the same: God helps not else.

God, perchance,
Grants each new man, by some as new a mode,
Intercommunication with himself,
Wreaking on finiteness infinitude;
By such a series of effects, gives each
Last his own imprint; old yet ever new
The process: 't is the way of Deity.
How it succeeds, he knows: I only know

That various modes of creatureship abound,
Implying just as varied intercourse
For each with the creator of them all.
Each has his own mind and no other's mode.
What mode may yours be? I shall sympathize!

All regulated by the single care
I' the last resort—that I made thoroughly serve
The when and how, toiled where was need, reposed
As resolutely at the proper point,
Braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end:
Namely, that just the creature I was bound
To be, I should become, nor thwart at all
God's purpose in creation. I conceive
No other duty possible to man,—
Highest mind, lowest mind,—no other law
By which to judge life failure or success;
What folk call being saved or cast away.

FROM "FIFINE AT THE FAIR."

I search but cannot see
What purpose serves the soul that strives, or world it tries

Conclusions with, unless the fruit of victories
Stay, one and all, stored up and guaranteed its own
Forever, by some mode whereby shall be made known
The gain of every life. Death reads the title clear—
What each soul for itself conquered from out things here:
Since, in the seeing soul, all worth lies, I assert,—
And naught i' the world.

FROM "LA SAISIAZ."

Reap this life's success or failure! soon shall things be unperplexed
And the right and wrong, now tangled, lie unravelled in the next.

FROM "REVERIE."

I know there shall dawn a day
—Is it here on homely earth?
Is it yonder, worlds away,

Where the strange and new have birth,
That Power comes in full play?

. . . .

Somewhere, below, above,
Shall a day dawn—this I know—
When Power, which vainly strove
My weakness to o'erthrow,
Shall triumph. I breathe, I move,

I truly am, at last!
For a veil is rent between
Me and the truth which passed
Fitful, half-guessed, half-seen,
Grasped at—not gained, held fast.

. . . .

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'.

I have faith such end shall be:
From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play.

FROM "EPILOGUE."

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

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